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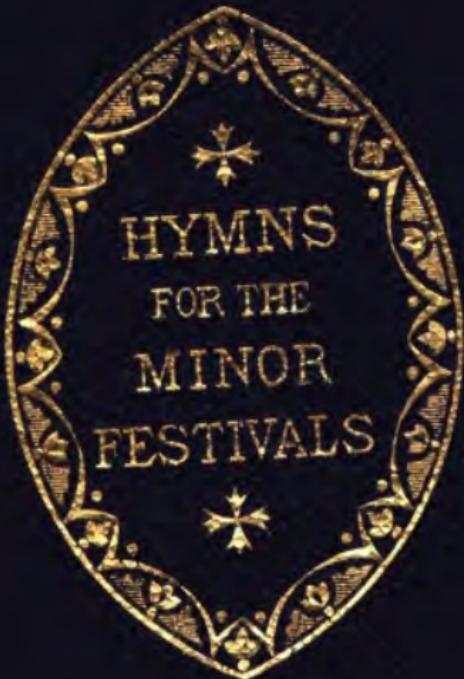
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HYMNS
FOR THE
MINOR
FESTIVALS

47. g.

69.





HYMNS :

Chiefln for the Minor Festivals.

*A cheap Edition is printed for use in
Churches, of a size to bind up with the
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147. q. 69

HYMNS :

Chapel for the Minor Festivals.

EDITED BY THE
REV. T. CHAMBERLAIN, M.A.,
STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH,
AND VICAR OF S. THOMAS THE MARTYR IN OXFORD.



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THIS very small Collection of Original Hymns is intended to be supplementary to those which are commonly used in churches, and, therefore, only comprises what they ordinarily do not.

It supplies—most inadequately the Contributors and Editor are aware—

(a.) Special Hymns for some of the Festivals of New Testament Saints.

(b.) Special stanzas to be introduced into General Hymns for all the rest of this Class who are commemorated in our Calendar.

(c.) Hymns for all the events connected with the Evangelical history which the Prayer Book notices.

(d.) Special Hymns for the principal Black Letter Saints commemorated.

(e.) General Hymns for two classes of these Saints—the Royal and the Monastic Saints.

(f.) An Advent Hymn in a more solemn

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metre than what those Hymns are usually written in has been attempted, and also Hymns for Ember Days and the First Vespers of the greater Festivals, for Shrove Tuesday, and for the last Sunday of the Christian Year.

Should the Hymns be found in any way to give more of reality and richness to our Daily Office, it will be matter of humble congratulation to those concerned in their production.

H Y M N S.

I.

Advent.

"Tis good, O Jesu, that alone with Thee
Thy servants in this solemn hour should be,
Alone on those dread verities to think,
In fight of which our sinful spirits sink.
Death and the Judgment—Hell, the holy Heaven,
To meditate on these to us be given ;
Shun we the haunts of men—the festive tone,
Rest we with Thee, O LORD, alone, alone.

For death is coming—first of those last things
To which we haste, borne on time's rapid wings.
Death with its fears, its weakness, and its pain,
With Satan's last attempt our soul to gain ;
The thirst, the dark temptation to despair,
The dim bewilderment, the faltering prayer :
Oh, keep us in the hour of death Thine own,
When we, with Thee, shall be alone, alone.

And after death the Judgment ! Holy LORD,
Left haply unto us the day be stored
With vengeance, let us now, on bended knee,
Muse on that dread, that dread reality—

The great White Throne, th' accusers manifold,
The Book whence thoughts, and words, and
deeds, are told ;

When we with naught to plead, none to atone,
Shall stand before our Judge, alone, alone.

Hell—scarce we brook to syllable that name,
What if our endless portion be its flame !
Oh ! bid us view it now, with weeping eyes,
The quenchless fire, the worm that never dies ;
The groans, the mocking laughter, clanking chains,
Eternity of never-ceasing pains ;
Cast out from God, there joy and hope are none,
In midst of devils, yet alone, alone.

And lastly Heaven—oh ! how our hearts do
burn,

Until the Sun of Righteousness return !
Musing on Heaven, we watch, and hope, and
pray,

Until the dawning of that blessed Day—
That bright eternal Day, which hath no night :
Thou its unfading Joy, its cloudless Light,
Dwelling with FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
The Crown and Prize of Thy Redeemed Host.

Amen.

2. *First Vespers of Easter and other Great Festivals.*

AT Eventide was Light !

When God creation framed,

The Day, in ordered course,

He Eve and Morning named.

At Eventide is Light !
Still in her holy round,
Evening and Morn the Church
In one fair Feast hath bound.

At Eventide is Light !
With gladness all things shine ;
We raise our songs of joy,
We deck our altar-shrine.

At Eventide is Light !
Yet watch we lamp in hand,
And, waiting for our GOD,
Within His House we stand !

At Eventide is Light !
By Faith, by Hope, we see
Consummated, e'en now,
To-morrow's mystery.

At Eventide be Light,
When we our work have done !
Then look we for the Morn,
That Morn without a sun.

When CHRIST shall lighten all
In Heaven's Eternal Home.
Oh come that blessed Morn,
E'en so, LORD JESU, come. Amen.

3.*

S. Andrew.

AND now the Saint by whose dread pains
 The Cross a form unheard of gains—
 Saint Andrew praise, who first by true
 Unerring faith MESSIAH knew,

And follow'd: then, his LORD being gone,
 To Scythia's wilds he hastened on.
 In Greece he died, on Patras' strand,
 The honoured Patron of each land.

S. Thomas.

TH' Apostle of the Indies, fain
 With one accord we laud again,
 Who faithless once, his faith did prove,
 By wondrous deeds of wondrous love.

S. Matthias.

RESTORING the lost traitor's throne
 To-day the work that sin had done
 The orphan Church would fain efface—
 Thus figuring that stintless grace,

Which ever with unceasing flow
 Shall fertilize the Church below,
 By Apostolic hands supplied—
 To heaven itself the certain guide.

* To be introduced in the Hymn, "The eternal gifts of CHRIST the King," before the last stanza for the Festivals of SS. Andrew, Thomas, Matthias, Barnabas, Peter, James, Bartholomew, Simon and Jude.

S. Barnabas.

Nor of the Twelve, Apostle still,
 We laud one call'd of God's own will,
 In whom the *comforts* we may see
 Of Holy Church's ministry,
 Whose province still 'tis to outpour
 Of oil and wine a plenteous store,
 For souls worn down by sin and strife,
 And raise the dead to endless life.

S. Peter.

AND foremost of that glorious band
 Was he who from Gennazeret's strand,
 Led on by brother's loving call,
 MESSIAH hailed, true LORD of all.

He first received heaven's mystic keys,
 By which both Jew and Greek he frees
 From Satan's bondage, and brings home
 The sheep who long had loved to roam.

S. James.

In labours brief, full much he wrought,
 The holy James, the first who fought
 The cruel world, and thereby won
 The earliest crown from God's dear SON.

S. Bartholomew.

No cross no crown, 'tis truly said,
 Then brightest chaplet for *bis* head,
 Who dared endure the flayer's knife,
 And won thereby Eternal Life,

SS. Simon and Jude.

ANOTHER Two this day we laud
 In solemn strains of sweet accord,
 In whom true *zeal* resplendent shone,
 Kinsmen of **CHRIST**, in spirit one.

4. *S. John the Evangelist.*

Of all the twelve Thou calledst
 To follow Thee on earth,
 To whom, O **LORD**, Thou gaveſt
 The new and better birth ;
 What lot to his was equal,
 Who praised is to-day,
 Who at the Paschal Supper
 In Jesu's bosom lay.

His Master's will he learned
 More deeply than the rest,
 The Church has ever styled him,
 Theologus the bleſt.
 On eagle's wings he soarèd,
 The heavenly courts within,
 'Twas his the mystic visions
 In Patmos' Isle to win.

The martyr's pain he tasted,
 But not the martyr's death ;
 For God would have him linger,
 That with his latest breath

The Faithful he might strengthen,
 And write that deepest lore,
 Those sacramental sayings,
 Which live for evermore.

The Mount of Contemplation,
 The watch at Calvary,
 The torture and the exile,
 Oh how they purify !

Then praise we God Who keepeth
 By grace some pure and true,
 From youth to age's limit,
 His highest work to do. Amen.

5. *S. Matthew.¹*

APOSTLE and Evangelist,
 Saint Matthew, now we own,
 Who by his deeds has merited
 The martyr's glorious crown.

How little could he have foreseen,
 In leaving earthly gain,
 The work he had for CHRIST to do,
 The bliss he should attain.

6. *Shrove Tuesday.*

A FAST before a Feast,
 The Church is wont to call,
 But now before our Lent,
 We keep a Carnival.

¹ To be inserted before the Doxology of any common metre Hymn for the Apostles.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

Not that we grudge to place
 Our worldly ease aside,
 And in the Mount with CHRIST
 In hardness to abide.

Not that our souls refuse
 The silent days to come,
 The Penance-hours for sin,
 The deep, o'erhanging gloom.

Good LORD, we need it all !
 Yet ere with sorrowing heart,
 We seek the desert-place
 To meditate apart,

Once more we freely take
 The pleasant things of earth,
 Once more we sing her songs
 And mingle in her mirth.

That counting well the cost
 Of all we leave behind,
 We in Lent's wilderness
 A surer good may find.

Weeping we forth will go,
 Grant us good seed to bear,
 That, when the Harvest comes,
 Praife may reward our care.

All gifts, O LORD, are Thine,
 Then bless our mirth this day,
 To Whom in Feast and Fast
 Pure homage we would pay.

Amen.

7.

S. George.

Loud in exultation
 England's sons to-day,
 Fain to England's patron
 Praise and honour pay.
 Praising him they render
 Worship to his LORD,
 Whence alone all virtue
 On His Saints is pour'd.

Sing we of his courage !
 When his Master's Name,
 Evil men were loading
 With contempt and shame,
 Dauntless he the Royal
 Edict flung aside,
 Fearless e'en of dying,
 As his LORD had died.

Sing we how believing,
 At Apollo's shrine
 He, his LORD confessing,
 Made the holy sign !
 Bade depart the demon
 Who the idol filled ;
 And the shattered image
 Showed his word fulfilled.

Sing we his endurance !
 Firm he bore his pain
 Glad by Martyr's torment
 Martyr's crown to gain ;

Thankful that his Captain
 Gave to him a draught
 Of that cup of sorrows.
 Which He once had quaffed.

Wide his fame resounded ;
 Him—the lordliest knight,
 Him—the lowest soldier
 Called on in the fight.
 “Good S. George for England,”
 Was our battle cry :
 “Good S. George for England,”
 Brought us victory.

’Neath the red-cross banner
 Of the soldier-saint,
 Who can fail or falter,
 And what heart can faint ?
 While it floats o’er England
 Calm be her repose,
 Only be she faithful,
 God shall quell her foes. Amen.

8.

S. Mark.

In faith Saint Mark goes forth to found
 A Patriarchate on that ground,
 Which once God’s children did receive,
 Then cast them forth they might not live.

But soon again with venom fill’d
 The seed of God’s own Word she kill’d,
 Or choked with deadly heresy—
 Egypt, a curse must rest on thee !

Yet double honour thou didst have,
 More than one Church could justly crave—
 A Gospel and a Liturgy
 Thy great Apostle gave to thee.

How art thou fallen, rise, repent,
 Do thy first works, ere grace is spent :
 The lion is thine emblem, see,
 Thou shake off thine apostasy.

To GOD be praise, Who grants success
 To what we do, or barrenness,
 But labour yet of each demands
 As though all rested in our hands. Amen.

9. SS. Philip and James.

THE Church and world for once
 In happy union meet ;
 List to their joint response !
 List to their concord sweet !
 To God they raise
 For blessings given,
 For grace from heaven,
 A song of praise.

Ye faithful, honour bear,
 Where honour is most due,
 An apostolic pair
 Behold, of greatness true.
 Not kin by birth,
 To CHRIST they cleave,
 For Him they leave
 Their homes on earth.

SS. PHILIP AND JAMES.

James not in merit “Leis,”
 And Philip—martyrs twain—
 By differing pathways press
 Their heavenly Crown to gain.
 Let garlands gay
 Bright hues combine
 To deck their shrine,
 This holiday.

James rules the Church at home,
 While Philip eastward hasten,
 To CHRIST both bravely come,
 Each pain and torture tastes :
 Their labours o'er
 In Heaven they meet
 At Jesus' Feet
 To part no more.

The world this day surveys
 Earth in her gorgeous vest,
 (To God be all the praise,)
 With leaf and blossom dreft.
 The Church much more
 Her wealth would count,
 A rich amount,
 God's endless store.

And first her Roses red
 Triumphantly she boasts—
 The Saints their blood who shed,
 Collected from all coasts.
 Then next arrays
 Choice lilies white,
 Her virgins bright,
 God's chiefest praise.

To God, ye flowers, then pay
Your tribute meet and due,
Bring forth this holy day
Rare perfume, brilliant hue.
With tuneful voice
Your silent song
E'er to prolong
Shall man rejoice. Amen.

10. *S. Augustine of Canterbury.*

'TWAS Thou, O LORD, Who gav'ft the Word,
That Word that pierceth as a sword,
And great the company

Of zealous men prepared to give
Their lives and all, that they might live
Who here in death did lie.

'Twas one in far Italia's strand,
Led, LORD, by Thy preventing hand,
The Holy Gregory,

Who grudging that 'neath form so fair,
Should lurk the demon of despair,
Sent forth that Company.

They came the captive to set free
From worse than earthly slavery,
To preach a blessed peace—

The eyes to ope, the tongue untie,
The darkened heart to purify,
To preach the LORD's release.

Augustine's spirit, LORD, restore,
 As rears its front his Fane¹ once more,
 Let England be again

The Isle of Saints, whence to all coasts
 Shall issue missionary hosts,
 Loving the souls of men. Amen.

II.

S. Luke.

THE thoughts that filled the mind of Luke
 When gainful science he forsook,
 Among the Seventy forth to bear
 The message of CHRIST's loving care,
 Have grateful hearts assayed to guess
 In weighing what his words express—
 To trace the tokens of the man,
 While Inspiration's page they scan.

And this the burthen. In his eyes
 Stands JESUS forth, sin's Sacrifice,
 By ox prefigured mystical,
 Intensely present, filling all.

Here first we see the Temple rite
 Devoutly offer'd: but no sight
 Sin's yearning here to satisfy,
 For *that* One, God and Man, must die.

Those Parables, how sweet they sound,
 Save in this Gospel nowhere found,
 Which testify in words so rare
 A FATHER's love, an owner's care.

¹ S. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury has been restored
as a Missionary College.

Then meetly, Luke, to thee was given
 Again to ope the inner heaven,
 And in "the SPIRIT's¹ Gospel" show
 CHRIST's work above for men below.

Now praise the LORD, Who faith rewards,
 And blessings meet to all accords :
 Praise FATHER, Son, and HOLY GHOST,
 In concert with the Heavenly Host. Amen.

I 2. *The Holy Cross.*

'Mid the bitter waters Moses
 Faithful casts the sweetening tree ;
 Isaac rears Moriah's altar,
 Th' offering himself to be ;
 Israel by the serpents bitten
 On the wood their healing see.

David's² Son has made his chariot :
 Costly woods its frame supply,
 Gold the floor, while silver pillars
 Bear its purple Canopy—
 Signs of love that Jesus lifted
 Through the Cross up to the sky !

O Jerusalem that crownest
 Noblest sons with bitterest scorn !
 Couldst thou weave for thy Redeemer
 Only wreath of torturing thorn,

¹ The Acts of the Apostles were called by the Fathers "the Gospel of the SPIRIT," because they relate His actions in the Church.

² Solomon's chariot (Cant. iv. 9) is reckoned among the types of the Cross.

In the day of His espousals,
 On that last and saddest morn ?
 But when He His Spirit yielded,
 See from forth His piercèd Side
 Come, (as Eve of old from Adam,)
 Holy Church, His spotless Bride ;—
 On the Cross her life beginning,
 Grant her still there to abide.
 Bind us to it, Holy JESU !
 Let us ever hold it fast,
 Cling to it in sin and sorrow ;
 And when life is well nigh past,
 Stretched upon its bosom, float us
 O'er death's stream to Thee at last—
 Unto Thee, where high exalted,
 Thou, our worship evermore,
 Standest ; while the white-robed elders
 With the angel hosts adore,
 And to Thee, with God the FATHER,
 And the SPIRIT, praises pour. Amen.

13.

S. Alban.

We hail, renownèd Alban,
 With joy thy festal day ;
 For thou to England's children
 Hast oped a blessed day.
 First of her sons to enter
 By dint of mortal strife
 Within the glorious portals
 Of everlasting life ;

The first to win the palm-branch,
The first to learn the song,
That glad new song, which only
May chant the martyr throng ;
The first upon whose forehead
Hath Angel-hand imprest
God's everlasting signet,
The emblem of the blest.

Nor marvel we to see him,
With such a world in sight,
Go down to death's dark river,
With joy and rapture bright :
Scarce marvel we that smiling,
Beneath the stream he sank,
For heaven's light was shining
Upon its farther bank.

And on the blood-tracked pathway
Where the young athlete led,
How many eager spirits
Have pressed and thronged to tread !
Till " Isle of Saints " was England,
And still her dearest boast
Is in her white-robed army,
Her glorious martyr-host.

What though we be not called
To die as Alban died,
Yet grant us, Holy Jesus,
As Thou wast crucified,
In life and death to bear us
As soldiers of the cross,
And count life's cherished pleasures
Most cherished in their loss. Amen.

14. *S. Thomas the Martyr.*

HAIL the love and power amazing
 Of the Incarnate Living Word !
 Year by year the song upraising
 Join we all with one accord,
 Holy Saints and Martyrs praising,
 Who have died for CHRIST their LORD.

Sing we how for naught esteeming
 Tyrant's rage, a prelate dies,
 How the murderer's weapon gleaming
 Altar's sanctity defies,
 How the Martyr's life blood streaming
 Mingled with the Sacrifice.

Year by year our joyful stories
 In the Holy Church be told,
 How he died a Martyr glorious,
 Prelate wise, confessor bold :
 How he reigns in heaven victorious,
 Robed in white with crown of gold.

To the LORD of all creation
 In whose love the martyrs rest,
 To the God of our Salvation,
 Whom their dying breath confessed,
 Honour, praise, and adoration,
 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT blest. Amen.

15. *S. Mary Magdalene.*

Love and death have wrestled fiercely,
But to-day we raise on high
Heavenly song of glad thanksgiving,
Love hath triumphed gloriously.

Love hath bowed in deepest anguish,
Head which once uplifted high
Sought for neither shrift nor blessing,
And hath triumphed gloriously.

See from Mary's eyes bent downward
Tears are flowing plenteously ;
See, they bathe the Feet of Jesus,
Love hath triumphed gloriously.

See that hair, once decked so richly,
Giv'n His sacred Feet to dry ;
See the costly ointment pourèd,
Love hath triumphed gloriously.

Love lays at His Feet most humbly
Broken heart, and bitter sigh,
All her treasures, all her pleasures,
And hath triumphed gloriously.

Now He gently lifts the fallen,
Looks on her with pitying eye,
Love hath wrought a perfect pardon,
And hath triumphed gloriously.

Praise the FATHER, praise the SPIRIT,
Praise the SON, Who, God Most High,
Came to seek and save the helpless,
And hath triumphed gloriously. Amen.

16. *S. Peter ad Vincula, or Lam.
Day.*

CALM the saint's slumber—

O tyrant in vain,

Guards in their number,

The dungeon, the chain !

Gladly he weareth

What Jesus hath worn,

Thankful he beareth

What Jesus hath borne.

Vainly thou deemest

In pride of thy might,

That peril extremest

The Saints shall affright.

Thou who wouldest smite them

With sword and with spear,

Know to requite them

A SAVIOUR is near.

Strong spells are working,

The Church is at prayer,

Spirits are lurking

Thou knowest not where.

See angels bringing

Release to the prison,

Hear the Church singing

From terror uprisen.

His in the highest

Be glory and power,

Who still is nighest
 In sorrow's dark hour ;
 Ever receiving,
 Blest Three and blest One,
 Prayers which believing
 We lift to His throne. Amen.

17.

S. Anne.

HOLY Anna, Judah's glory,
 Through the Church from East to West,
 Every tongue proclaims thy story,
 Holy Mary's mother blest.

Saintly kings, and priestly fires,
 Blended in thy sacred line,
 Yet in honour all before thee
 Must henceforth the palm resign.

Linked in bonds of purest wedlock,
 Thine it was for us to bear
 Her whom blessed among women
 Herald Angel did declare.

Oh ! how pure thou didst preserve her
 Through this dangerous wilderness.
 Oh, with her may we be guarded
 Safe in peace and holiness.

Praising Thee for all Thy goodness,
 Old and young, let all agree,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 Now, as in eternity. Amen.

18. Conception and Nativity of S. Mary.

BEHOLD, she comes, in silence still
 The prophets' voices to fulfil,
 By all unmarked, by all unknown,
 Save Angel hosts, who round God's throne
 Pause in their song as fain to know
 What marvel this they see below.

In wondering awe Heaven's choirs to-day
 Their wonted alleluias stay—
 Then greet her well, ye faithful all,
 Let heart to heart responsive call,
 The maiden who for you shall be
 Shrine of th' Incarnate Deity.

Let heart and voice together raise
 Triumphant hymns of thankful praise,
 This day before our eyes is wrought,
 With grace of healing richly fraught,
 A link in that bright chain of love
 Which knits lost man with heaven above.

The Virgin comes, and soon shall earth
 Behold a greater, holier birth :
 When Angel-choirs, no longer mute,
 Descending, shall their God salute,
 And every land with joyful cry
 Chant "Glory be to God on High."

Seed of the woman, Virgin-born,
 Who pitying our estate forlorn,
 Didst come Thy people to set free,
 All praise, O CHRIST, is due to Thee :

Thee with the FATHER we adore,
And HOLY SPIRIT evermore.

Amen.

19. *Visitation of S. Mary.*

DEEP thoughts were in her breast,
As o'er the desert wild
The lonely Virgin pres'ld
Who bore the Holy Child :
 And, fair as moon
 That rides the sky,
 In majesty
 She passeth on.

Bearing her God she goes,
Oh, wonder passing thought !
Who may the awe disclose
 That in her spirit wrought ?
 How silent fain
 With Him to meet
 In converse sweet
 She would remain.

But self no place may win.
Upborne on wings of love,
Of virgins ever Queen,
 And Saint all Saints above,
 She goes to bear
 Her holy part,
 With other heart
 Her joy to share.

Grant us, O Ever Blest,
 From Mary's part to learn,
 Not in earth's love to rest,
 Nor, proud, heaven's gifts to spurn.
 Our hearts keep free,
 And let them still,
 In good or ill,
 Be stayed on Thee—
 On Thee and on Thy love,
 To Whom all praise be paid—
 By victor hosts above,
 By us for war arrayed ;—
 Till evermore
 With angel throng,
 Th' unceasing song
 We gladly pour. Amen.

20. *Hymn for Royal Saints.*

AMONG the saints of God,
 Who bow before the throne
 And shall with CHRIST the judgment share,
 Some royal state have known.

Thrice blest were those, the world
 Who fearing, freedom bought
 By hastening to the wilderness,
 Or cloistered refuge sought.

But if a lower range
 Of holiness these gained,

A sure reward will yet be theirs
Who earthly crowns sustained,

God's honour cherishing,
And, fearing not to die,
Have striven for the truth, or met
A people's tyranny.

Such nursing fathers, LORD,
E'er to Thy Church supply,
Who ruling rightly in Thy fear
May guard her unity,

Who with those faithful ones,
Whose mem'ries we revere,
May win the crown of Heavenly bliss,
And joy then without fear. Amen.

21. *Hymn for Monastic Saints.*

THE Ten Commandments, LORD, for all
A Rule of Life, a Law of Love,
On stone engraven once, but now
On our hearts written from above,

And cleaving sharp the spirit through,
Hast Thou ordainèd, LORD. Hereby
The simple learn the way of death
To shun, and judgment satisfy.

But lofty souls Thou still dost call
Perfection's harder path to try,
A few—to whom 'tis given to live
The life that angels live on high.

Oh joy of blessed Chastity,
 Oh liberty of souls that bow
 Beneath Obedience' sternest yoke,
 Oh Poverty, how rich art thou !

We thank Thee, Holy LORD, to-day
 For one who by this steep ascent
 To glory mounted, whose bright name
 The Church with joy would now present,

To noble souls a guiding Star,
 To lead them to those regions pure,
 Where they, whom God hath called, begin
 The life which shall in heaven endure.

To CHRIST, Incarnate King of Saints,
 The Virgin-life in want Who led,
 Accomplishing His FATHER's Will,
 Be glory in the Godhead paid. Amen.

22. *Ember Days.*

BEFORE the Throne of God,
 The Church would fast e'en now :
 In humble prayer for Light
 She bids her children bow,
 Lest hearts untrue should press
 Her service to profane,
 Whom CHRIST has never known,
 From pride, or greed of gain.

The Priests of the Most High,
 A band of kingly race,
 From CHRIST the great High Priest
 Unbroken lineage trace.

Born not of Flesh and Blood,
 Their mighty gifts they claim
 From Him Who once came down
 In Pentecostal Flame.

With awe the Church again
 Adds to that Sacred Line ;
 But first by Prayer and Fast
 Implores she aid divine.

The bands of sin to loose,
 Th' impenitent to bind—
 The Blessing and the Ban
 Are to her Priests configned.

And still from Heaven's high Throne
 They call to earthly shrine
 The LORD and King of Life
 'Neath Sacramental sign.

Then praise we God the LORD,
 Such power who still shall give,
 In earthen vessels held,
 Whereby our souls may live. Amen.

23. The Sunday next before Advent.

ANOTHER year is well nigh gone,
 Stir up our hearts which oft like stone
 To heavenly grace a welcome chill
 Have rendered and do render still—
 LORD, stir our hearts, we pray.

The wasted moments of the past
 In life's brief glass are ebbing fast,

'Tis little, L^ORD, that we have done,
And yet e'en now declines our fun—
Stir up our hearts, we pray.

Fragments of good, contemplated ;
Fair resolutions, frustrated,—
A paltry store,—yet let them not
In Thy dread reckoning be forgot—
Stir up our hearts, we pray.

Come, Holy L^ORD, our Righteousness,
Our souls with love and power possess,
And make them tender to receive
That Word by which the soul shall live—
Stir up our hearts, we pray.

And then a worthier song we'll raise,
The harvest's L^ORD with joy to praise,
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
Who praised is by heavenly host—
L^ORD, stir our hearts, we pray. Amen

